Numb. 12

The Engliſh LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: Being Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Monday *March* 21, to Monday *March* 28.

Iſlington, March 20.

THis day here was lamentable doings, O! in what a ſad Fright and Conſternation were the *Lick-Spickets* of this Place, upon the ſuddain and unexpected appearance of the Ferreters of *Fudd'eing-Schools*, all were put into a Hurry and Confuſion, the Men were forc'd to throw down their beloved Pipes of *Sotweed*, and rudely leave their Pots without a parting Kiſs, the Women and Children too, alas! With Tears and Sighs, parted with their hot Cakes and Cuſtards, before they had half ſtuff'd their Guts: And the Streets were fill'd with the mourning Mob, who made a great clamour againſt their ſuppos'd Enemies; amongſt the reſt was a fat red-fac'd Hoſteſs, who, with a lowd and doleful Voice, ſaid, *Ah! my Friends, if this buſineſs holds I ſhall certainly be undone. Ah! poor* Iſlington, *thou that haſt been, time out of mind, the Place of general Rendezvous for* Sundays *Sots, Thou that haſt conſtantly ſupply'd the Citizens Wives and Children with Cakes, Pies and Cuſtards; and art the chief place, near the City, for Breeding Calves and Nurſing Children; Thou, I ſay, that has been a place ſo Famous, and in ſuch Eſteem, now to have the Moſt and Richeſt of thy Inhabitants utterly Ruined only for Profaining the* Sabbath-Day, *alas! The only day we have to get Money in. Oh! What ſhall I do? I'm Old, and and cannot Work, therefore I muſt either Begg, Steal, or Starve. Alas! alas! Who will adviſe me, in my preſent ſad circumſtances, what to do. Adviſe you,* ſaid one of her old Sottiſh Cuſtomers, *You have kept an* Ale-Houſe *almoſt Thirty Years to my knowledge, and if you have not got enough by your* Nicking, Frothing, Double-Scoreing, *and ſelling* Courſe Cakes, Empty Pies, *and* Naſty Cuſtards, *to keep you now you are Old, e'en go to your old Maſter the Devil, and let him keep you.*

Weſtminſter, March 22. Two wandering Strumpets, or Females of the Foot-pad, arm'd with Diſeaſe and Impudence, and ſpur'd on by the help of Brandy and Neceſſity, meeting with a Cully hereabouts, drew him aſide into a by-way of theirs, and there rifled him of all his Money. The Fellow, blinded with Ignorance and Love, miſtruſted nothing of their deſign, but took 'em for a pair of pretty harmleſs Creatures; till (I know not how) Enjoyment, that undeceiver of a Mans Expectations, having a little pall'd his fancy, began to look upon 'em with an evil Eye, and woefully to apprehend the danger of his *Body*, *Purſe*, and *Reputation*. The Jades perceiving the beginnings of his ill humour, would have made a pretence down ſtairs, and ſlipt away, but the Fellow, upon examination of his Pockets, finding himſelf abuſed, made a great noiſe, and prov'd a Croſſer Cully than they expected; whereupon they were forc'd to return him his Money, with a great many good Words to get clear of him, tho' 'tis fear'd 'twill coſt him twice the Sum to get clear of that he got from them.

Holbourn, March 23. A ſubtle jade, that for ſeveral years had waited on a Lady of good faſhion in the nature of her Secretary, having taken upon her all the employments that belong to an *Aſſignation*, without any other reward for keeping the Door, than old *Gowns* and new *Promiſes*, reſolved at laſt to take care for her ſelf, and like a wary Banker, to make her fortune out of the ſtock ſhe was intruſted with, in order to which ſhe falls in love with the young Squire, who was heir to as good an Eſtate and as little wit as was requiſite for her purpoſe, and being about the age of Fifteen, he was a little coax'd up with *Kiſſes* and *Sugar-plumbs*, in a very ſhort time he grew the fondeſt Squire in Chriſtendom. This was preſently taken notice of in the Family, and by thoſe that envy'd *Mrs. Barbara's*, good fortune, look'd upon as a thing of dangerous conſequence, and worthy of my Ladies privity, who being thereupon acquainted with the buſineſs, needed no farther aggravations than barely the knowledge of it. The two Lovers were immediatly ſent for, and ratled moſt ſeverely, the one for his Childiſhneſs, and the other for her Preſumption. But to what purpoſe? The Cully was too Young to forgoe his firſt Love, and the Gypſie was too Old to relinquiſh her intereſt in him, eſpecially having ſuch a hank upon her Lady, that to diſoblige her was as much as her life was worth; ſo that amidſt theſe perplexities, there remain'd no expedient but to perſwade her, with a round ſum of Money,

Money, to quit the Houſe, and go to her Friends in the Country, which being accordingly done, the poor *Amoriſt* is left in a Peck of Troubles, as Sick of Love and the Sullens as ever he was of a Leſſon in *Quæ Genus*. And he ſwears (never ſhir !) he will neither Eat nor Drink, till Mrs. *Bab* be taken into the Houſe again.

Chairing-Croſs, March 23. We have advice of a *Tranſlator*, who puts out Shooes of a latter Edition, Corrected, and Amended. This fellow has a Wife it ſeems that is apt to tread a wry; and, rather out of Intereſt than Inclination, will become a Proſtitute to Infamy, without regard to her Husbands Reputation, or her own Pleaſure. But the other day meeting with a Spark that ſhamm'd her, with a Braſs Guinny or two, which he always had ready upon ſuch occaſions, ſhe prov'd as Kind as he was Liberal. In the mean time in comes the old Whiſtler, with his Waxen Thumbs, and ſurpriz'd 'em in the nick. So that by way of attonement, according to her uſual cuſtom, ſhe was forc'd to depoſite the *Præmium*, which appearing to be of that Stupendous Valew, ſo pacified the fellow, that he preſently reſolv'd to purchaſe the Ballad of the *Rich and Flouriſhing Cuckold*, for the ſake of the Picture, which he fancy'd would look as like him as if it had cut on purpoſe. But, I know not how, upon a ſtricter enquiry, finding his Gold to be *Adulterate* as well as his Wife, he flew out into ſuch a paſſion, that unleſs they agree between 'em to make up the buſineſs in Ready White, he ſwears he will publiſh their ſhame to the World, but 'tis thought, by ſeveral thereabouts, he may ſave himſelf that labour, it being ſufficiently known already.

Hornſey, March 24. A company of Citizens, of both Sexes, coming to this Town for the benefit of the Air, being a little tir'd with their Walk, went into a Publick-Houſe to reſt and refreſh themſelves: But a young Man, one of the company, who was not ſo much tir'd as the reſt, walk'd into the Fields, he had not gon far, but by a Ditch ſide, he ſees a large tuft of *Primroſes*, theſe Flowers he thought would be a very acceptable Preſent to his Sweet-heart, whom he had left in the Houſe; and to oblige her the more, he reſolv'd to fetch her to gather them her ſelf, but fearing ſome body in his abſence ſhould pluck them up, he cover'd them with his Hat, and Run to call his Landamerace; he was no ſooner gon, but an arch Wag, who ſtood on the other ſide of the Hedg, and had ſeen all that paſt, came over, gather'd the *Primroſes*, and in their room left a reeking Surreverance cover'd with the Hat; he had no ſooner done, and got to his former poſt, but the two Lovers came; *There*, ſaid the officious Younker, *are the Flowers under my Hat*, which ſhe, with great eagerneſs, took up; but inſtead of ſweet Flowers, ſhe found a ſtinking T---. O! How ſtrangely was the young Man ſurpriz'd at this ſight? He bluſh'd, and the Maid held her Noſe, and frowning ſaid, *I did not think you would have ſerv'd me ſuch a baſe trick*; ſo immediately left him, went to the company, acquainted them with what had paſt, which occaſion'd much Laughter, and that increas'd her Anger; however 'tis hop'd the young Couple will ſoon be Friends again. For, what ſays the old Proverb? *Shitten come S--- is the beginning of Love.*

From the Temple, March 25. A Fooliſh young Fellow, the hopeful prop of a Worſhipful Family in *Cumberland*, left that County to *Follow* the *Law* here; and fearing he ſhould not *Overtake* it on Foot, ſome time ſince bought him a Horſe, which (tho' he's never like to *Reach* the *Law*) has haſten'd his Journey to *Beggars-Buſh*: For ſetting him up at a *Livery-Stable*, at the Charge of *Seven Shillings* a Week, ſoon made ſuch a *great* hole in Frugal Old Dad's *ſmall* allowance, as not only gave a check to the Prodigal Tavern Expences of the Extravagant Fop, but ſo open'd his Eyes, that he could plainly ſee, his having too much Creadit of other Mens, his own was juſt taking leave of him: And not being hardned enough to bid Defiance to a City *Tenter-Hook*, or a County *Bull-Dog*; But fearing that *Looſe* Life would quickly occaſion his being laid up *Faſt*, reſolv'd to take an Needle and Thread and mend it, and to retrieve his Misfortunes by leſſening his Charge; whereupon he this day took his Horſe into *Smithfield* with an intent to Sell him; but after three Hours Riding about the Market, till it was duskiſh, without being once ask'd the Price, the thoughts of the Charge of keeping him, made him extream Melancholy, and put him upon as many contrivances to get rid of him, as a Young Wench of her Baſtard Child. At laſt, taking the oppertunity of no bodies ſeeing him, tied his Horſe to the Rails, then *Tratted* as faſt as he could from his *Galloper*; and went very joyful to meet ſome of his Lewd Companians at a Tevern, and told them what he had done, adding, *I pitty the poor Man that has him, for he will be forc'd too keep him, and that has undone me already.* The company was well pleas'd with his Ignorance, but told him, *That unleſs he would give them a Treat, they would diſcover it, whereby he would be compell'd to take his Horſe again*, for fear of which, he readily comply'd, ſo with much laughter the Frolick ended.

Divertiſement.

CAnnabis Sativa: *Or, The Hangmans* Panacea, *or, in plain Engliſh, Univerſal Remedy, That moſt Infallibly Cures all ſorts of Diſtempers whatſoever in half an Hours time at fartheſt: The Doſe, for Perſons of all Ages, Sex, Conſtitutions, and Complections, is a Yard, or thereabouts: Price Thirteen Pence Half-penny. Sold by Doctor* Ketch, *at the Sign of the* Tripple-Tree *by* Hide-Park-Corner.

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